VALUE OF GRANDS IN SKAT

DOES THE NEW YORK PLAN OF TAKING CHANCES PAY?

The Skat Tournament in This City This Month Will Test the Matter—The Rest of the Country Arrayed Against New York—The Two Schools of Skat Play.

About five thousand skat players from all parts of the country will assemble in New York on June 22 to take part in a tournament which will last for two days. In anticipation of the event the visiting players are discussing the question, What advantage will the New York players derive from their having put a value on certain games to which the players from other parts of the country are not accustomed?

The games which are in dispute between New York and the rest of the country are the grands, in which jacks are the only trumps. The difference between the two schools and the compromise which has been suggested between them are shown in the following table:

	Turn.	Gucki.	Solo.	Open.
Skat League	12	12	16	24
New York	12	18	24	none
Compromise	12	16	20	24

New York at some time in its past history adopted these values for the grands, and did not change them when the Skat League issued its schedule. Now that the New York players have decided to make these enhanced values the rule at the coming tournament it is declared that they will have a decided advantage because they play more grands than any other class of players, and that the first prize will surely go to a New Yorker because of this advantage. It is therefore important that every player should understand clearly just what this supposed advantage consists in.

The North American Skat League, which was organized ten years ago, decided on the unit values of grands, putting upon them a value which would keep the game from becoming a gamble. These league values have been universally adopted except in New York. They have even been adopted by the Skat League in Germany.

For years past all the "Hoyles" published have given the league values as a matter of course. There are now some fifteen or twenty text books on skat, all of which quote the league values and base their instructions upon them. All the score pads on the market give the same values. Many skat teachers base their lessons upon hands counted according to the league standards.

When it was proposed to bring the eleventh skat congress to New York the retiring board of officers did not for a moment suppose that any change would be made in the values of the game as established by the league; but when the New York officers met to decide the details for the congress they found that the local players, who would be largely in the majority at the tournament, demanded the values to which they were accustomed. The inconvenience of the visiting players accustomed to the league scale does not seem to have been seriously considered; but there is this to say about it, that the Western players cannot make the mistake of overbidding their hands and losing games in consequence.

As matters now stand it is too late to make any change in the game values for the tournament, although it is almost a certainty that immediately after the congress the East and West will compromise upon a new scale of values, in which the grands will be made to conform to the other parts of the game by progressing in regular order, four points at a time. If the Skat League in Germany can be brought to agree to the change there will be harmony once more.

But the chief point of interest at the present moment is, What advantage if any will the New York players derive from the adoption of their own values for the grands, which are usually spoken of as the enhanced values?

It is rather difficult to select any similar condition from another game which would serve to illustrate the point at issue. Perhaps the nearest to it would be to suppose that in a billiard match it was agreed that every shot made with the aid of a cushion should count two points, direct caroms counting one only. The natural result of such a system of counting would be that the players would be continually tempted to take chances for the sake of the extra point, even if the straight carom were a certainty.

But to continue the illustration suppose that there were two prizes in this billiard tournament, one for the player making the most points, allowing two for all cushion shots, and another for the player making the most shots, regardless of their nature, cushion or straight. It is evident that the billiard player that took the sure shots, although they counted only one, would be much more likely to win the prize for shots than the player who was continually fishing for the double count.

This is precisely the position with regard to the grands that will be played in the skat tournament. The principal prize, $1,000 in gold, presented by the *Staats-Zeitung*, is not for the player who makes the most points but for the one that wins the most games. That is, for the player who makes the most shots regardless of their value, because a game won counts as a game won, whether it is a diamond tournee without one or a grand solo with four.

It is therefore obvious that the enhanced values of the grands will be no inducement to play them for the sake of winning the principal prize. On the contrary these higher values are likely to prove a snare for the New York players, leading them to risk games as grands which would have been safer as solos. The only possible advantage that a player can have who is willing to risk the grand is that he can outbid the more conservative player and so get the game. But what will that profit him if he cannot win it after he has got it?

It is undoubtedly true that the introduction of the guckser grand has put a premium on luck and has led many players into the bad habit of gambling on what they may find in the skat instead of sticking to the solid principles of the game. But this is true only when the guckser is played at the enhanced value, and that is why many players believe that the league acted wisely in fixing it at twelve for a unit value, so as to discourage this gambling element.

Even the risk of losing double does not seem to be enough to keep the New York players from taking the chance. Their motto seems to be "aut guckser, aut nullis."

So far from the greater value of the grands being any advantage to the local players in the tournament, it is more than probable that the confirmed habit of trying for more than the hand is legitimately worth will be a serious handicap. In spite of the numerical superiority of the Eastern players, the chances are decidedly in favor of a player educated in the sounder methods of league values carrying off the principal prize.

As an illustration of the difference between the two schools take the following cards held by Vorhand in a recent game:

C J	S J	H J	D J	C 10
D A	D 10	S 7	H Q	H 7

As a heart solo this game is practically impossible to lose. While it is true that such a game is worth only fifty points it is a sure shot.

Under the league valuations a gucki grand would be worth only ten more; but under the New York values it would be worth ninety, so the player who held these cards took the chance of finding something and made it a gucki. In the skat were a small club and the queen of spades, so that his venture in going to the cushion instead of taking the sure shot cost him a difference of 690 points on the score sheet because he had to pay each of three players 180, instead of winning from each of them 50.

Here is another example, from a recent tournament, of how these enhanced values tempt the player. Vorhand held:

S J	H J	H A	H 10	H K
D A	D 10	D Q	D 9	C 9

As a diamond solo it is almost impossible for the player to lose this game, but the player who held it made it a grand simply because the grand was worth forty-eight points while the solo was worth only eighteen. He lost the forty-eight. Three diamonds to the king in Hinterhand, with some other complications, beat him, although he played the hand for all it was worth.

Here is another aspect of the same case. Vorhand held these cards:

S J	H J	D J	D 10	D K
H A	H 10	H Q	H 8	S K

This is an unlosable heart solo, but the player who held these cards was so fascinated by his three jacks that he declared a guckser, hoping to find something in the skat, if only another diamond to lengthen out that suit a bit. He found two small clubs and lost his game, although he laid away the singleton spade and the ten of diamonds. As the cards lay he would have lost his game no matter what he laid away or had he kept the hand as it was and played a grand solo.

Skat players who have been taught the game on the basis of the league values take into consideration the fact that there are eight principal cards, the four jacks and four aces, and when they have half of those cards, such as three aces and three jacks, or three jacks and three aces, or two aces and two jacks, they are strong enough to play a tournee if they are not long enough in one suit to play a solo or have not tens enough to play a grand.

This is going back, as it were, from the unsafe solo to the consideration of a safe or cheap tournee, and experience has proved that the method is sound. The New York player, on the other hand, proceeds from the consideration of the unsafe solo not to the safer and cheaper tournee but to the dearer and more risky guckser. With the majority of those who have been in the habit of playing gucksers at eighteen it will be found the rule is to play gucksers with two jacks and two aces, trusting the skat to fill out the hand. It is very nice when it goes your way.

The league player, with whom the unit value of the guckser is twelve only, looks upon it simply as a resource in hands which would be grands but for unguarded tens. It is very seldom indeed that he will turn a solo into a guckser, because there is little or nothing to gain and everything to lose.

The three points difference in the total value of a spade solo with two and a gucki grand with two are not worth the risk of losing thirty-six points extra if the guckser goes wrong. That would be playing a ten to one shot. But the New York player stands to win fifty-four with the guckser if he succeeds, as against thirty-three with the solo, and it is this difference that tempts him to take the chance.

Playing at league values it is a fundamental principle of the game that one should never play a guckser for the purpose of finding something, but only to provide an opportunity to lay something away. The first is a case of depending on the skat to give you a game which you have not got. The second is a case of making sure of points which should win the game you have in hand.

The typical guckser for a league player would be such cards as the following in Vorhand:

C J	D J	C 10	D 10	D 9
S A	S 10	S 9	S 8	H A

This is too dangerous a hand for a spade solo on account of the unguarded tens. Going back to the tournee, it is a pity to waste such good cards on such a cheap game and the best play is a guckser. With the lead, the player has two chances, that the jacks may fall and the spades clear up in two leads; or if the jacks do not fall that the player with the trump will hold two spades.

With tweny points to lay away it seems impossible to lose this game no matter what is found. The player must make both his own jacks and must catch one of the others, which gives him fifty-eight points in hand and skat if the spades go twice.

In contrast to such a hand take the following cards in Hinterhand:

C J	S J	D J	H A	H Q
C 10	D 10	D 7	S K	S 8

As in the foregoing hand, there are two unguarded tens to be laid away; but after they are laid away what is there in the hand? Unless the player can find something to support one or other of his tens he will be left with five cards worth seventeen points and five cards which are simply rubbish. In spite of this he played a gucki grand.

He found the fourth jack and the nine of hearts in the skat, and although he laid away both his tens he lost his game in four tricks. The opening lead was the ace of spades, on which the queen fell, followed by the nine of diamonds, won by the ace. The ten of spades was fattened by the ace of clubs, giving the adversaries fifty points The player had to trump the next trick, and in the end the ten of hearts beat him.

So far, therefore, as these enhanced values are concerned they would seem to cut both ways in the hands of the New York players, and those who have been accustomed to the league values will have nothing to fear except being overbid, provided they resist the temptation to overreach themselves in trying to win games which are more valuable but less sound.

It is probably true that the New York players will make some big point scores if they are in luck, but on the other hand it must not be forgotten that the loss of a single guckser, which might have been won as a solo or tournee, takes three games won to make up for it, because a lost guckser loses double.

Skat is young yet so far as its real scientific aspects are concerned and we shall probably not know much about the game until we get down to duplicate. Nobody dreamed what there really was in whist until they introduced the duplicate system at the annual congresses of the American Whist League, although people had played whist for 150 years and many persons thought they knew it all.

A movement is already on foot to follow the big skat congress this year with a duplicate skat tournament just to see what difference there really is between the two schools of play. It would certainly be interesting to see whether the "guck-to-find" players in New York would hold their own in a contest against the "guck-to-lay-away" players of the league school.

In the meantime it is safe to say that we really do not know much about the comparative value of the various systems of play, except theoretically. The motto of the league player is: "Win less games, but don't lose any," while the motto of the New Yorker seems to be: "Don't be afraid to take a chance."

GREAT SPLASHING IN THE BAY.

A Feature of Building the New Shore Drive Along the Narrows.

When you were a baby didn't you just love to throw stones into the pond back of the barn and watch the splash? Sure! And was it not your great regret that you couldn't heave a great big stone and make a great big splash? Sure again!

Well, they've got a lot of grownup boys dumping stones into the Narrows near the Bay Ridge shore just now, and the splashing is so very great that many persons stop to watch it.

The Shore Drive along the Narrows from the old Bliss estate to Fort Hamilton is to be extended laterally some hundred yards into what is now water. A line has been staked following the shore's convolutions, and stone is being dumped by the bargeload along this line of stakes to make the new shore. The new land is to form the basis for a speedway.

Some barges come to the dumping ground laden with stones which men can handle. These stones go overboard in a jiffy. But other barges carry stones of tens of tons weight, and a steam derrick does the work.

The men operating the steam derrick are making up for those stones they couldn't throw when they were boys. The claws at the end of the derrick chains grasp a stone the size of a small house, the engineer turns on the power and the stone is lifted slowly. As it is lifted the boom swings around until the stone is over the spot where it is to be dropped.

Now, if it was the intention to do the work quickly the stone would be hoisted only a few feet. But instead it is lifted into the air almost as high as it will go. Then the claws are released and it plumps into the water with a splash that can be heard faraway. And each time a stone is dropped there is a waterspout.

Thus a great public improvement lends itself readily to fulfilling boyish ambition.

CONCERNING THE ART OF MRS. MAX

A Dish of Mushrooms Served Along With Some Literary Sauce.

"Cooking," remarked Major Max, "is a matter of intelligence, æsthetics, patience, good breeding, special knowledge, beautiful hands, angelic temper and the genius for taking infinite pains.

"Where have I ever found these delectable natural attributes and acquired qualities mingled and combined in one person? Where?"

"There can be no such person," declared Mrs. Max in the tone a woman uses when she wants to be contradicted.

"Madam," responded the Major reproachfully, "you accuse me of blindness, ingratitude, lack of appreciation, and gross injustice. There is, to be sure, only one such person living, but—observe the apparent antithesis—there is only one such person living, but she is my wife!"

It seems certain that Mrs. Max will retain the faculty of blushing as long as the Major retains the habit of complimenting her, and indeed this is a fact which does good in the world, because all that little part of the world which had the luck to see the lady blush as the Major gravely evolved the compliment was happier because of it.

But Mrs. Max is not lacking in that womanly wit which searches for the unexpressed motive back of the compliment.

"What do you see in the window you want me to cook?" she asked.

They were standing at that corner of the avenue where the loveliest and richest display is made. Not tapestries or millinery, jewels, gold, old silver, bronzes, paintings or witching bargains in summer wraps there delighted the eye, but canned and boxed and bottled delicacies for the table, rich, beautiful and rare fruits half revealed in their tissue wrappings and choicest vegetables.

These the Major scanned with thoughtful and inquiring eye and finally pointed to a dainty basket of freshly picked mushrooms.

"I choose those," he said.

"We must go to the theatre this evening my dear," said the Major at dinner. "Every delight of home combined could not numb the impatience which will tingle my soul until those mushrooms are prepared for our supper and cooked and eaten.

"There is much which makes me wish to remain at home. I have decided to introduce into my book a chapter on the Short Story and the Sketch. There is no proper place in my great work for such a chapter and therefore I must introduce it.

"I have an eye on the reviewers. I find that writers, however much they may lack as such, gain sometimes a degree of praise for erudition, for versatility, if they introduce subjects about which they and the reviewers know nothing.

"A short story has been described as a cross section of life. I shall therefore pronounce the sketch to be a stratum of life; a layer lifted off or dragged out of a cross section and exposed in all its squirmy, wormy, naturalistic nastiness which——"

"Don't, Major!" cried Mrs. Max in horror. "That sounds like all the novels I've tried to read lately. They're horrid!"

"An idea!" exclaimed the Major. "The modern novels of real life, written by geniuses gifted with every desirable quality except imagination, style, good taste and invention, are enlarged photographs of a stratum sketch. I should enter the thought in my note book, but it is time to go."

No servant was about; the house had that inviting quiet which sometimes induces householders to wander in undisturbed comfort into regions wherein the well trained seldom intrude when the premises are in possession of the privileged class, the well paid masters. Not that Mrs. Max was not too good, too conscientious a housekeeper to give up, even in the presence of threatening frowns, her daily inspection of the cook's and the butler's domain, but midnight visits therein were never a question of duty; they were picnics, sprees, holiday joys, wherein the Major always shared.

The lady, divested of hat and gloves and invested from chin to heel in a white and blue gingham apron, led the way to the kitchen, the Major following, exultant in the freedom the most conventional man in the world must feel, coatless and otherwise in evening dress.

First Mrs. Max brought forth the mushrooms and with great precision weighed out a pound. Then with a small sharp knife she cut their stems away.

"Not too close," she explained to the Major, who was cutting bread for toast, giving such heed to the evenness of the slices as he might give, were it yet his calling, to the sighting of a coast defence gun whereon depended his country's safety. "Not too close, because that little nubbin of stem I leave is rich in juice and flavor, and you will see how much depends upon the juice."

"And the flavor," the Major suggested, critically eying his slices as he trimmed off their crust. "The point is involved in the modern novel.

"We get overmuch of the stems of things. If the realists were content to trim off and throw into their waste baskets all but the savory nubbins of the human various they serve—the nubbin—the savor ——Surely, my dear, you will wash those mushrooms all away!"

Mrs. Max, having carefully peeled the mushrooms, was now desperately washing them. Into this operation she threw such energy as justified the Major's fears. Having dumped them into a colander she turned on them the full force of the cold water faucet and shook and turned and tossed them with surprising vigor.

But that was not enough to satisfy this cook of infinite patience. Each separate mushroom she next took in her fingers, and still holding it under the torrent of water literally scrubbed it with her finger tips.

"I can tell with the tips of my fingers," she explained, "when the mushroom is perfectly clean—perfectly. You never can get a cook to do that.

"It's just like the baby's face; it's never perfectly clean except when I bathe her. Put that porcelain lined kettle by the side of the sink here and get the butter and cream out of the ice box, and sift some flour in one of the yellow bowls you will find on the second left hand shelf near where the egg beater hangs. And bring the egg beater."

With commendable activity the Major performed his offices while Mrs. Max dropped the scrubbed mushrooms one by one into the porcelain lined kettle.

"When do I begin to toast?" the Major asked, panting with his pleasurable exertions.

"When I tell you," responded the lady, drying her hands. "I didn't mean to be short, but the toast must not be ready a second —not a second—before I add the egg and sherry, and that is at the last, and a pint's a pound the world around, for mother always said so."

The Major had heated the fine meshed toaster over the gas range half a dozen times, but he now ceased that and all other futile designs whereby he thought to hurry proceedings, and gave up to the tense interest of watching Mrs. Max's further ceremonies.

"Mamma always said that a tablespoonful of butter didn't mean anything even to a lady, and when it came to a hired cook it was simple nonsense. But a walnut, a large walnut, has some sense to it."

"And flavor too. Half of a walnut sandwiched between two large raisins and eaten between sips of a decent burgundy——"

"Is that about the size of a large walnut?" interrupted Mrs. Max, holding up a chunk of butter.

"It is so exactly the size," responded the Major, "that if I were to say that a large walnut were the size of that piece of butter I could speak no fairer."

"Four," said Mrs. Max oracularly and proceeded, to the puzzlement of her husband, to cut four chunks and roll each in the sifted flour and drop each into the kettle with the mushrooms.

"Why not take one piece of butter the size of all four combined and roll it in the flour? It would save labor," commented the Major.

"Save labor and spoil the dish. Whatever butter you use must be divided and rolled separately as I have done. Now light the large burner and turn it half down."

In a few minutes a gentle stirring with a silver spoon revealed that the melted butter and the oozing juices, slightly thickened by the flour, were simmering briskly, forming a black sauce which was cooking the undivided mushrooms and sending forth a perfumed vapor of such rich promise as to remind the Major that a fitting beverage was called for as accompaniment.

He had a bottle of his favorite brand of sauterne on the table just in time to receive a sharp command to toast his bread.

"Toast until a deep golden brown," ordered the lady. "And be sure you don't let it get crackly, for I hate toast under a soft covering you have to break through as if you were cutting through your plate. Now the cream."

Exactly two tablespoonfuls of cream were poured into the bubbling dish, salt and pepper were added, and precisely fifteen minutes from the time the kettle was put on it was taken off. The yolk of one egg, which Mrs. Max had well beaten during the Major's visit to the wine cellar, was added and stirred in, and the last ingredient, a tablespoonful of sherry, followed, and as this was being properly mingled, the Major, as instructed, ran hot water over two dinner plates, dried them and placed on each its slice of hot toast.

"And serve immediately," said Mrs. Max, hot, flushed and happy as she poured the delightful compound over the toast. "I've known cooks, actually seen them, add the egg and sherry while the mushrooms were over the fire. As for immediately, that means anything to them from ten mintues to half an hour. Why, you've drawn chairs up to the kitchen table, and opened the wine! Shall we eat here?"

"Now and forever!" declared the Major. "I'll put a writing table in here and work at my book while you prepare dishes like this. We will discharge all the servants and live happy ever after in the kitchen. We will be slaves no longer, we will be——"

"Do, Major, run to the linen drawer of the sideboard and bring some napkins, and bring some knives and forks too, for we can't eat with our fingers, even in the kitchen—and you'll find some sauterne glasses in the butler's glass closet. You'd better bring some finger bowls."

"This," said the Major after his first mouthful, "this is Art. Why Art? Art is the conveyance by conscious effort of a cause which effects a pleasurable sensation or a lofty emotion. Let us analyze our present state, sensatory and emotional. Are our senses pleasured or our emotions exalted? If I say both——"

"You do look so funny in your shirt sleeves and dress waistcoat," commented Mrs. Max. "Mrs. Jack Daring has the cunningest sort of waistcoat, only it has silk sleeves, to play golf in. Of course she doesn't play golf, but she says that she means to go in for it when she has designed a whole suit that will show her off best."

"She might try the waistcoat alone and take a vote of the gallery on it," suggested the Major. "My dear, let me fill your glass."

"Sauterne somehow always makes me feel artistic," Mrs. Max said as she accepted her second glass. "But you were wrong, Major, as to art being a conscious effort, for really it is no effort at all so long as we can leave the dishes for the servants to wash in the morning.

"Of course it will make them as cross as two sticks. Besides, when you say conscious effort you show that men don't understand. Now I learned from mamma everything that could be measured. But you don't measure the salt and pepper."

"How do you manage, then?" asked the Major, scraping the kettle and getting quite a little black sauce for his pains.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Mrs. Max, "and this is what makes it art, I suppose; when it comes to the salt and pepper I close my eyes and shake—shake the pepper and salt box, you understand—and sort of make a little prayer. Honestly, I do."

"Then," said the Major, "for the many blessings for which I have to thank your mamma, most my measured words of praise ascend that she taught you to pray."

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

IN PARK ROW.

Incident the Policeman Didn't See Because He Lacked Imagination.

Half past 5 of a Sunday afternoon. A black, rather bedraggled looking kitten moping at the base of electric light pole at Park row entrance to south roadway of Brooklyn Bridge. Policeman and near reporter one foot away. Policeman glances at kitten. Sees nothing. Policeman lacks imagination.

St. Gregory's ambulance comes tearing up Park row. Kitten is pleased. Arches her back something like this ∩. Near reporter muses: "Maybe she thinks the ambulance is for her. She looks sick and destitute." *Nihil agit.* Kitten reposes at foot of column.

"What pathos, what human interest!" reflects near reporter.

7:30 P. M.—Morris, a Park row character, young man of all work, appears with a hurt finger at drug store close by. Morris, spying the kitten, gets a little milk on a tin box cover. Pussy is grateful and laps it all up.

8 P. M.—Drug clerk goes out to look at kitten. Sees tin box cover dry. Has it refilled and takes it out himself. Lady dressed in brown and waiting for some one remarks; "You're awful good."

"Fine, fine," murmurs the near reporter. "What's that Tennyson says, 'Kind hearts are more than coronets'? Must look that up."

9:20 P. M.—Near reporter visible on Park row hard by Chambers street thinking up a heading for his story.

Kitten, having enjoyed her two pans of milk, visibly asleep inside the railing. Policeman totally unaware of excitement that has surged around him.

FERRY WITH A LONG HISTORY

BOATS FROM CORTLANDT STREET SINCE THE REVOLUTION.

Pennsylvania's Cross River Line Threatened by the New Tunnels—First Service Was in the Days of the Dutch—Fulton Made Its First Steamboat About 1810.

The McAdoo tunnel to Jersey City will soon be open for traffic, and not long after the Pennsylvania Railroad will run its trains to Manhattan. Then there will be little need for the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry line from Jersey City to the foot of Cortlandt street, and the old New York and New Jersey boat line may pass out of existence after 250 years of service.

Even in the days of the Dutch in Manhattan and before Jersey City was even thought of the residents of the island depended for their vegetables and fruit on the garden patches along the flatlands on the New Jersey shore. In those days too the pioneer commuters had already settled Newark, Elizabeth and other New Jersey towns and had to find some way to get to New Amsterdam. The Dutch farmers of Bergen and the surrounding country then joined hands with the residents of Manhattan and decided to have a ferry.

The ferry they started at that time only ran in the most perfunctory manner, the service depending a good deal on the weather. It went from the shore of Communipaw, near the end of the roadway built from the heights of Bergen to the waterfront, to the lower end of Manhattan Island, and even in the best weather only three trips a week were made. It was owned by William Jansen, and about the only passengers were the Bergen farmers bringing their produce to market.

It was not until 1764, when the new post road to Philadelphia was opened and several stage lines started up, that a regular ferry service to New Jersey began. The announcement of the beginning of the new ferry line was made in the New York *Mercury* of June 18, 1764, which said under the heading "Good News for the Public" that the boats would run "from a place called Paulus Hook on the Jersey shore to the city of New York," and said that these new boats would not only be large enough to carry a great many passengers but horses and wagons as well, and, more important than anything else, the boats were to run at regular intervals.

The landing place in Manhattan was a wharf at the foot of Cortlandt street, then known as Mesier's Dock, from its owner, Abraham Mesier. A ferry slip with stairs leading up the steep incline was built on either shore, the ship at Paulus Hook being less than a block from the site of the present Pennsylvania station in Jersey City. Cornelius Van Vorst, the original owner of what is now Jersey City, willingly donated sufficient land for the purpose, although there is no record that Abraham Mesier was sufficiently interested in communication with New Jersey to be equally liberal.

Until the Revolutionary War began this ferry ran regularly, but when the British eventually occupied the Manhattan and New Jersey settlements the ferry was subject to military control and ran usually when the exigencies of war demanded it. Persons who went to Jersey then had to get passes from the Generals in command of the respective shores and there wasn't much money in the ferry business.

The boats used on this ferry were advertised to "make the trip as the wind served." There were two kinds of ferryboats, one of them known as the "periauger," a word derived from the Spanish pirogue, a boat pointed at both ends with two masts and no bowsprit. Whenever horses were to be ferried across the river they had to be unhitched from the vehicles they were pulling and were taken on and off the boats by a hoisting machine. The additional ferry equipment consisted of a few rowboats, which were probably pressed into service during the rush hours. Each had two oarsmen and several extra oars, which the passengers were at liberty to use if they wanted unusually speedy transportation. It usually took half an hour to make the trip, but if the wind and tide were working against the ferry service the crossing might consume two or three hours.

The land occupied by the village of Paulus Hook was sold by Van Vorst to Anthony Dey, one of the three original founders of Jersey City, in 1804. With the land he sold the privilege of the ferry, subject to a lease, which expired the following year. Dey then incorporated the "Associates of the Jersey Company," under a bill drawn for the purpose by Alexander Hamilton, and the land and ferry were deeded to this company. David Hunt, the lessee under Van Vorst, ran it for a while, and then Joseph Lyons, who ran the only hotel in Paulus Hook for a long time, took charge of the ferry Lyons apparently had an eye to business, for if the historians were correct the boats used to time their arrival in Paulus Hook so as to miss the day stage to Philadelphia Then the travellers naturally put up with Lyons until the next stage left. Lyons's old house is still standing and is one of the group of buildings used by the Colgate soap plant.

When the stage coach lines reached their greatest popularity as many as twenty-four different lines left this ferry in all directions. On account of the trouble of hoisting the horses on the boat and the cost of ferriage most of the stage drivers kept their horses on the Jersey City side. The ferrymen used to signal the stablemen at Lyons's old Hudson House just as a boat was starting so that they could have the horses harnessed and hitched by the time the boat arived on the other side. Near the shore was a circular grass plot with an old willow tree in the centre, and here the stages awaited their passengers.

In the years following the Revolutionary War the land along the river front sold rapidly, and with each lot went the privilege of maintaining a ferry. A number of the purchasers started lines of their own and soon the "Associates of the Jersey Company" found their income so greatly reduced by the keen competition that they looked for a remedy. In the early part of the century the Jersey City founders had offered to Robert Fulton land along the shore if he would build his shop and dock there. Fulton accepted and stayed there as long as he lived, his first boat being built not far from the old ferry slips.

The remedy the "Associates of the Jersey Company" found was to contract with Fulton in 1809 to build them a fast steamboat to draw business to their ferry line. The New York and New Jersey Steam Ferry Company was incorporated to finance this boat and $50,000 was raised. In 1812 the ferryboat New Jersey was put into service. She was a double ender, and in the words of Fulton "she was built of two boats, each ten feet beam, eighty feet long and five feet wide, which boats are distant from each other ten feet, confined by strong transverse beams and diagonal traces, forming a deck thirty feet wide and eighty feet long. The propelling water wheel is placed between the boats to prevent it from being injured by ice and shock on entering and approaching the dock. Both ends being alike and each having a rudder, she never puts about."

When the boat made her first trip, on July 2, 1812, the Mayors and Councils of both cities gave a dinner at the Hudson House. From the very beginning of this ferry permission had been granted for the landing on the Jersey shore, but no such action was taken in New York, and when the city authorities claimed jurisdiction not only of the waterfront but of the waterway up to low water mark on the opposite shore there were many disputes. The ferry company had so much trouble that up to 1816 only one small dividend had been paid to the stockholders. Finally, on January 1, 1831, the ferry was leased to the New Jersey Railroad Transportation Company, which rented it for twenty years and then took up the stock of the old ferry company.

The Transportation company leased its rights to the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1871 and with them all the privileges of the adjoining waterfront. The ferry slip on the New Jersey shore had been moved still further north in 1839, and from that time has occupied its present site. There has been no interruption in the ferry service to the foot of Cortlandt street since the close of the Revolutionary War.

Ferry passengers for many years had to pay nine pence, the rate fixed by the Council of New York in 1799. This rate was in contrast to the rate on the Old Ferry to Brooklyn, where as early as 1654 passengers only had to pay three stivers, or six cents. The Brooklyn ferry made money out of the Indians, however, for the rate for them was six stivers. Rates on the ferry to Brooklyn were reduced a few years later, for in 1699, when Philip French was running it, a man and a hog would get across for two pence each, while a sheep went over for one penny

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Mrs. Harriet Hood of Thermopolis, Wyo., was elected by the State Democratic convention of her State as an alternate to the national convention

The Rev. Myra Corliss Hoyt has just accepted a call to become the permanent pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Brockton, Mass. Mrs. Hoyt has been supplying the pulpit for some little time, but refused to consider taking the place permanently until the congregation had had time to make sure that they wanted a woman as their pastor.

Miss Cornelia Sorabji, a Parsee, who was educated and took her degree at Oxford, has just published a book that is attracting a good deal of attention. She is legal adviser to the Government of India in cases in which the zenana and the rights of women are concerned, and most of the material for her book was collected in this way. She calls the book "Between the Twilights: Studies of Indian Women."

Miss Clara Martin of Toronto has just announced herself as a candidate for the provincial Legislature at the coming election in East Toronto. Besides being Canada's first woman lawyer Miss Martin is the first woman member of the Board of Education of Toronto, and she hopes to make her record still more unusual by being the first Canadian woman member of Parliament.

The Rev. Elizabeth Bruce has just celebrated her seventy-ninth birthday, her thirtieth year as editor of the Universalist Sunday school paper called the *Myrtle* and the seventeenth year of her pastorate of the Wayside Chapel at Maplewood, Mass. The Wayside Chapel is unsectarian and was founded and built through the efforts of Mrs. Bruce, who has conducted a service in it daily, with few exceptions, all the years since it was opened.

Besides being pastor of the church Mrs. Bruce has with her own hands completed and beautified the interior. She has painted on the walls a series of allegorical pictures illustrating the flow of the "River of Life." Bible texts and flowers are embroidered on the cushions of the settees, both embroidery and upholstering being done by Mrs. Bruce.

Lady Dorothy Howard, whose engagement to Winston Churchill of England has just been announced, has the credit of having converted him to the cause of woman suffrage. She is one of three sisters, all of whom are ardent advocates of votes for women. Last year in a woman suffrage procession in London Lady Dorothy and her sister, Lady Cecelia, not only carried banners but are said to have walked the entire distance of the route. A third sister, Lady Mary Murray, wife of Prof. Gilbert Murray of Oxford, was the principal speaker at the annual meeting of the New England Woman Suffrage Association held last May in Boston.

Miss Alice Henry of Australia, after speaking her way across the American continent and half way back again, has decided to settle down in Chicago, because she believes that in that city more than in any other one is in touch with all the problems of the world. She has devoted her time to the study of the child, handicapped either through defect or neglect. She has been associated in this work with Dr. Charles Strong, Miss Katherine H. Spence and Dr. Fishbourne.

In 1905 Miss Henry was sent to England by the Charity Organization of Australia and spent six months gathering information on the child question. She then came to America, and besides lecturing on the subject she has visited most of the schools in the country where defective children are cared for. According to Miss Henry Australia had the first legally constituted juvenile court in the world, and child labor is almost unknown in that country.

The congregation of St. Paul's Universalist Church at Jamaica Plain, Mass., has just celebrated the fourth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker.

Mrs. Crooker has an unusual record. Her first pastorate was a small church in Chicago, where she remained for something like twelve years, during which time her congregation from being one of the smallest in the city became one of the largest. Feeling that her duty lay in another field, she gave up her Chicago church and going to California organized and built up a flourishing church in Pasadena.

Later she went to Boston, where she became co-pastor with the Rev. Dr. Perin of the Every Day Church, famous in its time for its many institutional activities. Again in obedience to the call of the missionary spirit Mrs. Crooker gave up all pastoral duties and went to Michigan as missionary for both the Universalist and the Unitarian churches, a denominational combination never before attempted. As pastor of the church in Jamaica Plain she has cancelled a mortgage on the church of fifteen years standing, increased the membership and gathered a large following among the young people of the town.

Philadelphia is the birthplace and home of the one negro woman in the United States whose work as a sculptor has attracted wide notice. She is Meta Warrick, and her work has been exhibited in the Paris Salon besides having won the commendation of Auguste Rodin. One of her best groups was exhibited at the Jamestown Tercentennial and represents the advancement of her race since the landing at Jamestown.

Miss Warrick is a descendant of slaves and is not at all ashamed of it. Her father was a barber and her mother a hairdresser. Her people are all of the laboring class and poor. Her art work began with moulding clay in the kindergarten. When she was older she won a free scholarship in the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art. It was in this school that her talent attracted attention.

The piece that won serious attention was her first attempt at being original. It was a head of Medusa. In 1899 she went to try her fortune in Paris, where she suffered all the hardships that fall to the lot of the average poor art student, but she also came in contact with such men as Saint Gaudens and Rodin and had the satisfaction of obtaining serious recognition in the Paris Salon.

Book of Many Uses.

From the Youth's Companion.

The book agent had spent a discouraging morning, and when he had an opportunity to scan the face of Eli Hobbs at close range he felt that there was small chance of making a sale. However he had more than one method of suggestion.

"Sitting out here on the piazza afternoons with your wife this would be the very book to read aloud," he said ingratiatingly to Mr. Hobbs, taking the other rocking chair and opening the large red covered volume.

"I don't read, and I haven't any wife," replied Mr. Hobbs, dryly.

"Dear me!" said the book agent. "Well, if your wife is dead perhaps there are children. Now, children find this book——"

"There are no children," interrupted Mr. Hobbs. "There's nobody but myself and my cat."

"Well," said the book agent, "don't you ever want a good heavy book to throw at her, just to ease your feelings?"

PA HELPS JOHN TO RUN AWAY

MA LEAVES THE CRAB APPLES TO PLAY A TRAGEDY ROLE.

Dreadful Experience of a Small Boy Whose Bluff Was Called—Change of Clothing, Sandwiches and a Dollar Bill as Moral Tortures—Real Runaway Later On.

"Talking of running away," said the jolly fat man, "I had an experience or two myself when I was a purp.

"It was a favorite threat of mine. If I was sent on an errand I didn't like I'd mutter that I was going to run away; if I was kept in the house for missing my lessons at school I'd whimper that I was going to run away; if I got my ears boxed for mischief I'd bellow that I was going to run away.

"Then maybe I'd make a dash for my cap and my mother would send me up to the garret without my shoes till I got cooled off, or else she'd lock me up in the tool shed with an axe and a small mountain of logs to split into kindling. We lived in the country, you see.

"But at last my father got tired of hearing the threat. I tell you he was a smart man, my father. No licking for him and no counter threats. He had a game of his own. He just waited until he got me committed beyond retreat.

"I forget what devilment it grew out of or whether it was just my natural boy's resistance to something I was told to do. Whatever it was I know I ended up the dispute with the flat footed announcement 'I ain't goin' to stand it no more. I'm goin' to leave home an' look out for meselluf. I'm goin' now. So, there!'

"'Oh, very well, John,' says my father as grave as an owl. 'I'm sorry; but if you're mind's made up it can't be helped. We may as well part friends Come over and see mother'; and with that he took me by the hand as kind and gentle as a patriarch in a picture in the Bible and began walking me over toward the house. I forgot to mention that the fuss was in the barn.

"Now you can't imagine how my heart rose up in my throat in that short walk over to the house. I had been more or less consciously bluffing, and here I was, it seemed, up against the real thing.

"About this time we reached the kitchen door and the old man drew me in. I can see the picture right now before my eyes—my mother, with her big blue gingham apron stirring crab apples with a wooden spoon in a big copper kettle on the shining stove. Ann Maria, the hired girl, was peeling the potatoes for the men's dinner. My baby brother was sitting in his swing chair near the door and making grabs at the black cat's tail as the brute rubbed to and fro against a chair leg just out of his reach. Oh, it was so peaceful and homelike, and the pungent smell of those apples just went to my gizzard.

"Then says pa, as grave as an old Judge, but just as kind and sweet as honey: 'Ma,' says he, 'John has concluded it's best for him to leave home. He's going out into the world to make his fortune, and he's come over to tell you good-by.'

"I had a moment of heartsickening doubt crossed with hope. Then my hair stood on end. Could I believe my ears? Could that be my sweet mother speaking in those heartless tones? What she actually said was: 'Oh, is he going? Well, I'm 'most too busy now to bother with him. But I wish him good luck. We'll be glad to get a letter from him sometimes.'

"'Well, ma,' says my father, 'I guess we'd best do something to give him a start in life. Just let Ann Maria stir the apples and you go and make him up a little bundle. He'll want a clean shirt and a pair of socks or two, and a couple of handkerchiefs—and bring him his good shoes. And, say, ma, you bring me down a dollar bill out o' the bureau drawer.'

"Ma started off as cheerful as could be, and my father turned to me where I stood frozen with horror, and, putting on the fine society air that he usually kept for the dominie and the doctor, he waved me to a chair, politely urging me as if I was already a stranger in the house with 'Sit down, John. Take the rocking chair and rest yourself. You'll need it. Maybe you'll have a long way to go to-day.'

"He slipped out of the room a minute, and then he came back with a loaf and the heel of the Sunday joint of beef and some butter and he began cutting the bread and spreading the butter and slicing the beef and making nice, juicy sandwiches with great industry. I looked on with a sick sort of wonder, too crushed even to cry, when ma came bustling back with a choice selection from my wardrobe over her arm and my Testament in her hand. This was an awful stroke. It was so like the stories in the books.

"'I'm making a few sandwiches for John,' says my father, kind o' pathetic like. 'He may need them, poor boy,' and he heaved a sigh.

"This tapped the springs of my soul. I gave a sob that must have sounded like a hiccough and the tears began to stream down my face.

"But my father was unrelenting. He tied the sandwiches up in a napkin and made a bundle of the clothes with the Testament in the middle, and then he ambled up to me with the bundles in one hand and a nice crisp dollar bill in the other, holding them out with:

"'Well, here you are, son John. Maybe this'll give you a fair start in life, and as you must go, why it's time to be starting now. It's getting on in the morning and no doubt you've a long way to travel before night. So kiss your mother and——'

"But I didn't wait to hear any more. I made a dash for my mother and fell on my knees before her to bury my face in her apron—I was only about 11 or 12, you see—and with sobs and wails and floods of tears I begged her, 'Don't send me away! Oh, don't let him send me away! I'll be good! I'll chop the wood and 'tend baby and you'll never have no trouble with me any more. Only don't send me away.'

"They had some trouble quieting me, and I guess there were almost as many tears on my mother's cheeks as on my own by the time the incident was ended. Ann Maria was snivelling over the stove. But my father held his ground, grave but kind. He inaugurated a long parley in the course of which I promised that never more would I threaten to run away.

"Well, neither I did. If the dangerous words ever came to the tip of my tongue, a glance at my father's face, or my mother's, was enough to make me swallow them. But once I actually did run away.

"It was a couple of years later. I was a big boy and I struck trouble at school. I knew I had a licking coming when the teacher dropped in at our house on her way home to the farmhouse where she boarded. So I hurried home, busted my savings bank and started out with $3 17 in my pocket.

"I chose the road to Whiffletree, where there was a railroad station and a railroad that led to the ends of the earth, including gold mines and such places. Fortunately, it was an eight mile tramp and a very hot day. After tramping for fifteen minutes I decided to step into a wood I knew well, with a brook meandering through it.

"I sat down on the outskirts by an old stone wall and a chipmunk came out and looked at me. I tempted him with a couple of nuts out of my pockets and we made friends until they were gone. Then he vanished too.

"After that I stole over to the brook and I could see the trout lurking in the shadow along the edge. Of course I yanked out the fish line I always carried with the hook stuck in a cork. I found a few worms in a soft spot near by, I cut a sapling for a pole, and I had a boy's luck with the fish. I landed half a dozen of eatable size.

"By this time the low red sun and the slanting golden rays—not to speak of my stomach—told me it was near supper time. Naturally, I turned my face homeward and ran most of the way so as not to be late. It was only when I bounced in and saw the pretty teacher sitting at the table taking tea with us, and caught the licking expression in pa's eye, that I remembered I had run away. It had clean slipped out of my head in the woods."